Other Songs



G. A. LEICHLITER

ALERACIA DE LA PROPERTICIONA DE LA PORTE D



Other Songs



G. A. LEICHLITER

THE RYERSON PRESS
TORONTO

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TO TWO NOBLE WOMEN

Mrs. Helen J. Roper Mrs. Louisa N. Porter

the remaining Charter Members of College Street Baptist Church, Toronto, Canada, these songs are affectionately dedicated by their friend and pastor

G. A. Leichliter.

LO! I AM WITH YOU

THIS is a song of the Great Companion, constant, courageous, conquering and leading His loved into victories like unto His own.

LO, I, myself, am with you all the days,"
The Master said.
"Why fear, why falter in the way?
If darkness come and cover man-made things
Have not I ever been the light
Untouched by gloom and deepest night?

Have not I ever been the light
Untouched by gloom and deepest night?
I know how greatly darkness tries the soul!
And well I know how one may
Feel the penetrating pain
Of ways obscured.

"One day that came to me. I'd climbed the hill outside the city wall; Throughout the multitude that followed on I sensed the minor strain of hate. 'Tis true, a few most faithful friends, Too, followed on with drooping hearts And tear-dimmed eves. One helped me bear the load I had upon my weakening back. He had not been with me before That I had known. Now in that bronzed, but loving, face I saw the help my need must have. We climbed the hill together. The multitude, the soldiers of the Crown And he and I.

"The multitude and soldiers of the King, Had made secure the business of the day, My cross already placed.
And on each side, another cross!
Poor men they were who came
From Roman cells
To pay the penalty
The law insisted must be paid
Upon 'a cross.'

"How can I tell you of my cross
And, too, my contact with the dark?
The cross was not of pain
As men count pain.
I'd ever carried it upon my heart
Wherever I had gone.
Could there have been a thought
Of its retreat from me
I never could have borne that grief.
The cross was throne and crown and home
To me.
How straitened had I been to find its threshold!
And now my joy was full!
No height, for me, lay on beyond that hour!
My glory was complete!

"But, oh, the darkness that then came! Around about the hill full-crowned With instruments of death, A sea of clouds, tempestuous and terrible Rolled on against the quivering Sidewalls of the world. The multitude retreated in confusion That threatened death to any Who not quickly moved. The blackened scabbard of the heavens Held a sword, a fiery sword! Viciously unsheathed. It ripped the heavy clouds And left a quivering, blinding light Within my eyes. Then came the dark! So dark, so very dark it was. I cried, 'My God, my God,' For mine He was. He heard-my God and Father heard: And darkness died. Then on my retreating vision Fell the 'light that never yet Was seen on land or sea. It was the glory of my Father's face.

"It stayed: it would not go!
No, no; no darkness e'er again can come;
I met it full upon the hill
And there for me God filled the cloud
With light and sent me on
To tell the groping world
Of brightness full divine.
Follow me, my children, in the light
And glory of our God
To home and rest.

"Oh, count upon it!

'I, myself, am with you all the days'
Until the end of all."

RAIN

AND now a song of the rain. With little plans all badly broken, but freshness and hope and harvest follow the rain. And so I sing of the rain.

IT'S rained a long time now,
And as I make my rounds,
I hear men find a fault with Him
Who holds within His gentle hand,
The living force that bids the clouds
Weep out their tears so long.

'Tis true a lot of little,
Man-made plans have fared not well.
But while they failed,
A harvest rich and bountiful,
And worth far more than any plan of man,
Has taken form and giveth us
The hope that garners will be full
And plenty be upon us all.

I notice, too, that flowers
Hold up fairy-colored chalices
To catch the nectar of the skies;
I cannot find a trace of frown
Upon the lovely faces by the garden wall.
Right well do flowers love the rain;
'Tis sweet and cool,
And gives their life its bloom.

And when the sun comes back We'll find a diamond On each flower heart. It seems that flowers are betrothed Unto the rain.

(After four or five days of it.)

THEY NEVER CHANGE

I SHOULD sing of friends and of the yesterdays bright with the glow of youth and joy. And when old friendships do not change they persist in bringing happiness.

HAVE some friends that never change! No matter where I am Or how the fates may deal with me I think of them Still standing staunch and true. And hearing not one word Of men who seek to do me harm. They know me well And I know them, For oft we've been together, And soft, sweet, whispered words Of long ago still linger In my heart. In friendships such as this, Clouds make only closer bonds. And storms make tighter the embrace. They never change, These lovely friends Of many, many yesterdays-They are the hills whereon I played, And hills are ever just the same.

PACIFIC SCENES

I BRING you a song of the Sea—the wide, blue sea—constantly changing—constantly offering a new scene of beauty.

LD OCEAN, whence come thy waves That break in silvered glory At my feet? They're born within thy heaving heart At distances I cannot see. Along thy shores I move And marvel at thy loveliness. In early morning light Thy white-cap't waves, Like sails Of busy, foreign merchantmen, Creep shoreward In sweet silentness. And in the glory of the noon Thy billows are like rolling gold. When night comes nigh, And heaven stoops To kiss thy lips, And thou dost smile good night, Old Ocean, thou art beautiful: Nor time nor speech can tell Thy changeless charm!

NOISE

A SONG of the mill and the market-place and sung midst their Babel voices. It asks a peace and proposes a way thitherward.

NOISE everywhere! Looms, mills and wheels. That seem in endless enmity And seek to still the voice of each By louder speech. They say these mark the moving Of mankind in progress' way; And that his mind hath now Devised him willing servants in these Shouting, moaning wheels of his. He's conqu'rer of the deep, dark secrets Of the world in which his life is cast. And this earth babel Is a shout of triumph. If this be triumph, let us find The spot of sylvan quietude Where no footprint of progress Has yet pressed its yielding sand. There let us stand. With unshod feet and head made bare. That we may hear The quiet Voice That dispels all the noise of earth, And grants us peace.

THE PATH THROUGH THE WOOD

THIS song is of noble trees and a lovely lane that leads to quiet and a tryst with God.

OD made it richly wonderful. That path that runs through vonder wood Down to the stream. Tall trees like stately plumes Of deathless green stand by the way And in their tops I hear The melody of wandering winds. Such voices as I hear Among the tall green trees No men can know As each long day they go The dreary ways of man-made things. They are sweet voices, That bespeak a time of quiet meditation. And sometimes they sing Low, gentle cadences that soothe The soul long weary with the way. And then when storms sweep Where they raise their lovely forms They sob and sigh. Like broken-hearted virgins, For their long lost love. Sweet path that runs the woodland way, My feet would ever press Thy grassy breast And find in thy cool, quiet shade A truth concerning things our God hath made, That they are best."

WHEN I BECAME A MAN

THIS is the song of one who joyfully accepts the task of an enlarging life.

WHAT of these trifling things That crowd their way into my consciousness? They seek to rob me of the joy I have in worth-while work! Back to childhood's toys They ask that I should go And feel that there the longing of my heart Should find response. How can a man when grown to strength Find every heart-cry answered by a toy? My strength hath come That in a noble service I may toil, And then, when sun shall sink to rest, Lay all my trophies at my Master's feet And share His smile. I must forget the toys of youth! I am a man, clothed in man's strength And ready for a man's full task."

UP HILL

IT is a difficult task but worth every effort made. To tarry in the lowland way means loss of vision. So I struggle upward.

HE hillward way means struggle For the feet that night and day Seek its long rising altitudes. Some careless souls would say The end not worth the struggle of the way. No truth is there. For each ascending step, though had By toil and pain Is worth all effort made. Your vision grows as you ascend! Weak men and only weak Do live content in lowland ways Of ease and careless life. They choose the low only to drift And careless be about the values That have known no change Since first man sought The upper ways of vision And of peace supreme. Heed not the call to valley paths! Keep your strong soul upon the way That runs upward through realms of light Unto your God! He'll give thee strength.

I AM OF SKY AND SOD

A SONG of myself. Sometimes disappointing but always a hope for better, finer things. The path of the upward urge is ever alluring.

I AM of the sod! Low, deep, dark, mysterious! Hidden are many things That dare not suffer The disclosure of the light.

I am of the sod! But not listless, lifeless and inert! There is that changeless and unslackened task, Of holding firm in check Ignoble things.

How shall I of the sod Reach ever up to all things great and good?

But I am of the sky! Wide, high and bright With scintillating light; The pathway of the day, The field for stars at night.

I am of the sky!
The sod in me must yield
To light and warmth and motives high
From out the sky,
Or else e'en sod must die.

I am of sod and sky!
Some hopes are low, some high—
And I must choose
The ones by which I shall be
Known of men!
One path lies close the sod
And in the dark
And ends in sheer delusion!
One runs through light
And ends in fadeless day!

I'll love the sky in me, And hate the sod.

THE SNOW STORM

NOR is it hard to sing of the snow—beautiful, glistening and white, it speaks of quiet purity.

GOOD Mother Nature spreads again Her snowy blanket o'er the earth. So pure and beautiful it is. That every soilure of the past Is lost beneath its whitening folds. Long days the roads. Where moved the caravans of trade, Had been defiled. Trodden by man and beast. Beset by storm. They had become unholy trails. But gently did Good Mother Nature Spread her spotless coverlet Until the once defiled Was stainless white. Now like a life redeemed The roads run on Nor are ashamed. For every stain of the past days Is purity to-day.

THE STORM AT NIGHT

FEARS, old fears, how they troup back to haunt us. But like a storm at night they'll pass and life go on to blessing.

HE clouds are drifting in from the sea, Like urchins returning for the night, In tattered, ragged garments And with haggard countenances And steps halting and slow. The trees are restless And the earth breathes a sigh. Dark hands reach up from out the vestments of the night, To close the shutters of the sky Against the light. There are murmurs in the breeze-Half fears and half expectancies. If the stars troop off in the wash of the moon, So soon the darkness will be forgotten. But should that promised storm sweep on the world. Great fear will come And frightened Nature stand atremble all the night. Or mayhap the trees will bow to passing blasts And hold up harps for music of the winds. But woodland things, Little, frightened woodland things, Will hide until the fury pass.

Then they shall come again
To find their staunch old friends still there,
And storms gone on their way.

So fine it is when storms have come—and gone.

OLD WILLOW TREE

I SING a song of a tree that weeps as she sees her loved ones leave and finds her comfort only in her lingering grief.

HELD converse
With a drooping Willow Tree
That stood in solitary grief
Beside a whispering stream.

"Why are you sad, Old Tree?
Your grief weighs heavy on your heart,
And e'en the joys of sunlight
And of dew
Bring not the radiance of a smile.
Your empty arms
Scarce ever reach
To catch a wandering bird.
Tell me, Old Tree,
The story of thy sorrow.

And then in whispers Scarce above the stifled murmur Of the little, crystal stream, The Old Tree spoke.

"For all my life,
A long life, too,
I've lived just here,
With kindly friends that crossed
The way I went.
The days were bright and beautiful
And friends were true.
The stream that took abode so near
Laughed and sang the whole day through.
The robins lived with me a while
But when the family grew
They took a long, long way
Toward the South. I never knew—
I never knew what came to them,
But they came not again.

"Little children grew about my feet: My Violet, so rich and sweet, I felt that as she came A joy had dawned not to retreat. She faded lately, though, and as I stooped To lay a coverlet upon her lovely form My heart ached for her loss.

"Daisy then was born to me.
Innocent and fair was she,
Her eyes dark like deepened night.
How tall and straight and beautiful!
New joy was mine that there had come
Another child to mend the earlier loss.

"Then came the wind with wooing voice And carried her away; Now she is lost to me.

"Other little children came:
It breaks my heart to even name
Them all to you.
They, too, slipped from out my arms, away.
Silent did I stand to see
My hopes depart
And I could do no more than cry.

"One joy seemed all the time to stay—Sure my kindly friend, the Stream,
Could never leave me,
Though he ran his way each day.
That was my only happiness.
But now I see he's failing, too.
The song is fainter every morn
The step is weaker
And I fear he'll soon be gone.

"And now you know just why
I weep all day:
I'm so alone: and maybe
I'll go on after a little while.
Till then the grief
Of this poor, lonely form
Is all the comfort left to me."







